

STILL HIDING.

The Pythones Refuses to Leave the Denmark's Hold.

An "Evening World" Reporter Explores Her Hiding Place.

A Pair of Gleaming Eyes Which Proved to Be Port-Holes.

Mrs. Python Sebel, the striped lady who sailed from the West Africa Gold Coast, is still occupying warm and comfortable quarters somewhere in the neighborhood of the stoke hole of the National line steamship Denmark, which is now lying at the West Houston street pier.

Capt. Rigby and Engineer Baxter have done their level best to induce their objectionable tenant to vacate her apartments, but she is evidently not disposed to yield to any of their blandishments.

She is perfectly contented to remain where she is so long as she has a nice warm place to curl herself up in and go to sleep, to dream, perchance, of Africa's sunny shores and golden strands, with an unlimited supply of tender, juicy Guinea pigs and succulent port-holes.

She has not had anything to eat for three weeks, but that is nothing.

Capt. Rigby says that he has known of pythons to live for several months without eating. The wear and tear to the physical system of a well-regulated snake is very slight, and as they sleep most of the time brain work is at a minimum.

After a month's nap, however, the chances are that an ordinary python will wake up with a ravenous appetite, and then was beside the first unfortunate being that comes in its way.

The captain's theory now is that Mrs. Python, when she disappeared under the donkey engine two weeks ago, was carrying a small child against one of the big boilers, and was delighted with the change from the straw box in the cook's galley, and that she immediately settled down for a regular snake nap.

She is bound to show herself again some time, but to reach her in her present quarters would be a risky if not impossible undertaking.

This morning the engineer and several of his assistants were at work down in the stoke-hole. They had taken up one of the heavy iron plates of the floor and were peering carefully around in the dark space underneath, with aid of oil lamps.

Ten Evening World reporters, who were present, volunteered to go down and make an investigation, but the head engineer would not listen to such a proposition.

"You'd get lost in the bilge," he said, "even if you didn't get up there. They say there's nothing a West Coast python likes better for breakfast than a reporter with a striped shirt and wide check trousers. Those pants would be up all the python on the West Coast in the middle of the rainy season. We've got to sail next Saturday, and we don't want any Coroner's cases aboard."

The reporter, however, obtained permission to look into the place and see what he could see. The space underneath was so full of smoke from the oil lamps that at first nothing could be distinguished at a greater distance than three feet. Little particles of soot were floating around and the stench from the bilge-water was villainous.

Casting a glance towards the forward part of the vessel, however, the attention of the investigator was arrested by the appearance of two small, beady points of light, which gleamed steadily in the inky blackness of the hold. They seemed to be distant about fifty feet, more or less.

They seemed to have an irresistible power of fascination, and the reporter gazed at them each one appeared to grow in size and brilliancy till they looked like two full moons.

"What's the matter," exclaimed the engineer as with the help of his assistant he hauled the reporter up from the hold. "A second more and you would have gone head first into the bilge."

"There she is," was the faint reply of the rescued explorer.

"What's there?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

"The python," looked at her eyes.

The engineer ducked his head under the plate and looked in the direction indicated, while his assistant kept his breath and looked nervously towards the stairway leading up to the deck.

Why, you idiot, those are nothing but a couple of port-holes in the starboard bow, said the engineer, after taking a deliberate observation of the premises.

And so it proved.

The nervous of the reporter, however, was too much shattered to permit of any further investigation, and it required several minutes alighting on deck and a dose from the captain's medicine chest to recover from the effects of the bilge water.

The engineer has provided himself with a latrine and an oil lamp and is ready for Mrs. Python whenever she designs to make her appearance. He says he is too tough and greedy to make a respectable breakfast even for a lady python.

THE YOUNGEST LIFE CONVICT.

Twelve Years Old and Serving Time as the Murderer of His Sister.

FRANKFORT, Ky., July 24.—Probably the youngest State prison convict in the United States, and certainly the youngest doing a life term, is Sinville Combs, the first year of whose sentence has just expired.

He is now twelve years old, and has been much benefited, physically and mentally, by his prison life.

When first arrested the lad had never heard of God, knew nothing of heaven, and had never seen a school-house. He can now read and write and talk like a bright, intelligent boy. He does not seem to mind his confinement, and his crime was a terrible one, though he never has appeared to realize its enormity.

He and his little sister, about two years, were in the house together alone. When the little girl started to cross the floor the boy picked up a stove lid and mashed her skull with it. He then threw the body in the fireplace, intending to burn it.

This process of cremation was so slow, and he pulled it out and carried it to a small stream near the house, throwing it in. When a body was found Sinville admitted that he killed her.

On the stand, when asked why he committed the crime, he stated that his stepfather had told him to do it, and had promised him a new pair of boots. There was no other evidence against the stepfather, and as the boy was a confessed murderer his testimony could not have weight.

There was little doubt that young Combs had told the truth, yet there was no law to punish the father.

Many efforts have been made to have the Governor pardon the boy.

HUSBAND AND WIFE BURNED.

Mr. Elliott, in His Efforts to Save His Wife, Is Badly Burned Also.

Mr. Bertha Elliott, wife of Robert A. Elliott, bookkeeper for Cook & Bailey, iron founders, was cooking her husband's breakfast at a gas stove in their room on the third floor of 534 Third avenue this morning when the gas from the window blew the flame out and set her dress on fire.

A blaze enveloped her body from the feet to the waist. Mr. Elliott screamed and ran to her husband, who sprang from his bed and threw a blanket around her.

She was rolling her on the floor smothering the flames, when the neighbors ran in, attracted by his wife's screams, and rendered help.

Mr. Elliott was terribly burned, but there were no serious injuries to him or his wife. The firemen were called, but the house did not catch fire.

ROSA GOES TO JAIL.

Her Wedding with William Hoffman Indefinitely Postponed.

Arson Followed Her Theft of a Bridal Dress.

The Unhappy Lovers Shed Bitter Tears in Court.

The path to the altar that Rosa DeBeck, of Jersey City, has been trying to walk with William Hoffman has been full of thorns.

Her desire to be married to William and be a well-dressed bride led Rosa to commit a crime.

This morning, instead of being Mrs. Hoffman, as she supposed she would be, the girl was in Judge Wanser's Court, on Jersey City Heights, to answer the charges of burglary, larceny and arson.

It was only a few days ago that the marriage was prevented by a robbery.

Rosa was working in Andrew Van Antwerp's restaurant at 87 Monticello street. The wedding day was fixed. Rosa left her place and came over to the Bowery Savings Bank to get the money she had on deposit, amounting to over \$350.

Putting her money into a hand-bag the girl entered a Third avenue car. A young man followed her and soon had the bag. The robbery was reported to Chief of Police Murphy. He sent the girl to Inspector Byrnes, but no clue to the money has been obtained.

The robbery prevented the prospective bride from buying her wedding outfit.

The lovers brooded over the fate that prevented them from becoming man and wife, but Rosa refused to get married unless she could have the money.

She hit upon a scheme which she thought would help them out of the difficulty. The girl knew her former mistress had a good wardrobe. She stole a dress, a pair of shoes and a pair of gloves, and then she reached the kitchen door while the Van Antwerp family were asleep.

A pane of glass in the window near the door was broken out. Rosa and a partner rolled through, slid back the bolt and opened the door. She crept softly upstairs to the closet where she knew the dresses were hanging.

Looking down at the dress, she saw that it was not the one she wanted. She reached the kitchen door while the Van Antwerp family were asleep.

Shortly afterwards Mr. Van Antwerp smelled smoke. He traced it to the closet and found the girl in the act of stealing a dress.

This led to the discovery that the house had been entered.

The case was put in the hands of Detective Hollo, who found Rosa and William together about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. She wore one of the dresses she had stolen and was promptly arrested and locked up.

The lovers were then on their way to be married.

This morning Rosa pleaded guilty to Judge Wanser to the charge of burglary, but she denied that she tried to set the house on fire to cover up her theft.

She said she lit a match in the closet to see to get the dresses.

The girl cried bitterly while in court. Hoffman sat near the girl and a tear rolled down his cheek when he realized that instead of becoming his wife Rosa must go to prison. She had on one of the dresses she had stolen, a brown suit.

The fair prisoner was held for trial. No bail was fixed, and she was taken to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

The girl came from Germany two years ago. She can speak a little English. She worked for Van Antwerp about two months, and since then has been living with Mrs. Mary Smith on Grand street.

FLIES AMONG THE QUAKERS.

PHILADELPHIA HAS A PLAGUE SIMILAR TO THAT OF DUBUQUE.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

PHILADELPHIA, July 24.—The sidewalks in parts of the city were covered this morning with the remains of myriad flies, the result of a most singular visitation of last evening.

The flies were cream-colored, with brown spots on their wings. They came in squads in droves and in legions.

They settled on the brilliantly lighted streets like a mantle of snow, and eddied around the electric lights in such swarms that the light was almost obscured.

They also entered the globes until their accumulated bodies half filled them, and the thousands fighting with each other outside for their turn to meet the same fate dashed themselves against the globes and fell in a constant shower on the pavement below.

The big plate windows along Chestnut street where electric lights were suspended on the inside were plastered solidly over with them and the handsome displays were shut out for the night.

The air around the western side of the public buildings was as dense with the pests as though a driving rainstorm was raging. People ran through the swarms with lowered heads and beat them away from their nostrils with hats, fans and newspapers.

At places under the electric lights the insects fell to the pavement in such numbers that their crushed bodies made the smooth stones slippery and walking difficult and disgusting.

They invaded the backs of young men with loose-fitting flannel shirts and young women with collarless blouses until life was scarcely worth the living. The coat of every policeman along Chestnut street was crowded with them.

The insects were different from those that recently caused the suspension of business in Dubuque, the latter being a white, while these were more like small moth millers.

STOLE HIS FRIEND'S BRIDE.

A Chosen Best Man for a California Wedding Becomes the Groom Instead.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 24.—The romantic elopement and marriage of seventeen-year-old Eva Adkins and Neil Holms is furnishing food for gossip all through Butte County, where the girl and her people are well known.

The pair left Chico, where was Miss Adkins' home, on Sunday, shortly before the young lady was to have become the bride of Ambrose Pierce.

There was a friend of Pierce and was to have been best man at the latter's wedding.

Became a young journalist, who met Miss Adkins only a few months ago and gave up his position on a local paper in order to come to Chico and be near her.

The girl's parents had disapproved of her engagement with Pierce and tried to prevent the marriage.

Holms, who is a handsome fellow of twenty-four years, had stood by his word up to the last moment, when he stole the bride away.

The runaway pair were married in Sacramento.

The McCue Association's Picnic.

The first Summer-night's festival and picnic of the Thomas A. McCue Association takes place to-night at Brommer's Union Park. One Hundred and Thirty-third street and Boulevard.

The officers of the club are: Joseph J. McCue, President; John J. McCue, Vice-President; Joseph McCue, Recording Secretary; Frank Whitaker, Financial Secretary; Frederick Derenthal, Corresponding Secretary; J. J. Cassidy, Treasurer; A. E. Van Etten, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Four Dollars For One.

Thursdays, Friday and Saturday.

680

Perfect-Fitting!

Tailor-Made!

MEN'S SUITS

Made from Superb Foreign Suitings in all Fashionable Patterns and Colors.

REDUCED FROM \$40.00, \$35.00, \$30.00 TO TEN DOLLARS PER SUIT

For Three Days Only!

Only 680 of these elegant Suits left. Last week's sale nearly cleaned them out. The finest quality still on hand. They must be sold before Saturday night.

A.H. King & Co.

The Leading American Clothiers.

627 AND 629 BROADWAY, NEAR BLEEKER.

DID THE BLOW KILL HIM?

JAMES WHITE DIED SHORTLY AFTER BEING STRUCK BY YOUNG GIDDINGS.

The Two Boys Quarrelled, and Giddings Struck White on the Side of the Head with His Hand. The Blow Not Fatal, But White Died Soon After—A Post-Mortem to Be Held.

Albert Giddings, nineteen years old, was arraigned before Justice Kenna, in Brooklyn, this morning, on the charge of homicide in killing James White, aged eighteen years, by striking him with his fist on the right side of the head yesterday during a quarrel about the possession of a song-book.

Giddings was held without bail to await the result of an autopsy by Dr. Shepard.

Capt. McKelvey learned from the boys in the neighborhood that Giddings and White had been companions for years, and when they met yesterday at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Raymond street, White reminded Giddings that he had loaned him a song book and asked him to return it.

Giddings good-naturedly bawled White about the book until the latter became irritated, and a quarrel ensuing, Giddings struck White on the side of the head with his open hand.

White did not return the blow, but shortly afterwards went home and complained to his mother of a severe pain in the head, and also telling her that Giddings struck him.

White went to bed and Dr. Callaghan was called in about 4 o'clock, and gave the opinion that the boy was suffering from some injury or disease of the brain, and thought would recover if congestion did not set in.

Young White sank gradually, and at 8 o'clock died in his mother's arms.

Mrs. White says she gave her son one dose of the medicine prescribed by Dr. Callaghan, but it choked him and death ensued shortly afterwards.

Albert Giddings is a son of Hydrant Inspector Giddings, an old and well-known citizen, who lives at 231 Myrtle avenue, a few doors from the home of his dead companion.

Young Giddings told Capt. McKelvey, who took him in custody, that he had no intention of injuring White, and struck him lightly with the palm of his hand.

Witnesses of the affair say that Giddings used his clenched fist.

The post-mortem examination will be held to-day, when the direct cause of death will be ascertained. It is said White complained of illness before he met Giddings. The latter is detained at the Raymond Street Jail.

"THERE ARE NO FLIES ON ME."

John Doe, for flinging mud, 37 John Henry Bull, the boy for the day, doesn't think Mr. Newcomb will get all this money.

It has been asserted that Mr. Hull himself is the author of "Lake George" and the snaky cryptogram.

The Evening World reporter saw Mr. Hull this morning in his office in Park Row. He did not know who Mr. Newcomb was, as his name does not figure in the book.

There is a rumor to the effect that Newcomb lives near Lake George.

"Have you done any literary work?" asked the reporter.

"The law takes up enough of my attention," said Mr. Hull. "The author of the book is known and will come out in due time. This step of Mr. Newcomb would appear to be the action of an enviously jealous man or an attempt at blackmail."

One funny thing about that book, said Mr. Hull, was that in the criticism on it someone said that if a dirty married woman's husband got hold of it there might be a suit. His prediction has come to pass."

Mr. Newcomb's lawyer was said to be Orlan B. Stewart, 45 Broadway. Mr. Stewart declared that he knew nothing about the case and was not connected with it.

HOMELESS MARKETMEN.

A Wild Rush for Vacant Stores by the Evicted Meat Dealers.

There is a rush for vacant stores and stands near the Vesey street Market to-day by the wholesale meat dealers who have been evicted from their homes in the West Washington Market.

This morning a force of thirty dock men started to complete the demolition of the stands in the old market.

An officer sent to Westcott's home, and Dr. Doan's report was verified. The rooms were in a most filthy condition, and the child was removed to the Harlem Hospital, and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children notified.

Contract Tinsmiths Went Back.

Emmerich Hase, Paul Bellig, Joseph Bellig and John Andrus, the four tinsmiths who arrived here by the North German steamship Trave, and who proved on examination to be under contract to work for a boss dinner at Milwaukee, Wis., were sent back on the same steamer to-day.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

MAYOR GRANT HAS INVITED SOME OF OUR MOST PROMINENT CITIZENS TO A CONFERENCE FOR THE PURPOSE OF TAKING THE PRELIMINARY STEPS NECESSARY TO MAKE A SUCCESS OF THE PROPOSED WORLD'S FAIR. THIS IS A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, BUT IT MUST NOT BE FORGOTTEN THAT WE ARE MAINTAINING A

Permanent Exposition

OF EVERYTHING NEW, USEFUL AND BEAUTIFUL IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS OF OUR ESTABLISHMENT.

IN ORDER TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE NEW GOODS WHICH WE ARE CONSTANTLY RECEIVING WE HAVE MADE

Further Great Reductions

IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF SUMMER WEAR AND USE.

WE ARE THIS WEEK HAVING ANOTHER SPECIAL SALE OF THAT

Syenite Enamelled Ware

WHICH CREATED SUCH A SENSATION LAST JANUARY.

Look at the Prices:

TEA OR COFFEE POT.

COFFEE BOILERS.

TEA AND WATER KETTLES.

LIP SAUCE PAN.

DEEP COVERED WASH PANS.

LIP PRESERVING-KETTLE.

WATER FALLS.

SEAMLESS FRUIT KETTLE.

THE SALE WILL CONTINUE THE ENTIRE WEEK.

REFRIGERATORS.

BABY CARRIAGES.

OTHER BARGAINS.

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The Great Combination Sale

WILL COMMENCE THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 25, AT THE

THIS WONDERFUL SALE

WILL COMPRISE OUR ENTIRE SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK. MEN'S SUITS IN CASHMERE, WORSTED, CHEVIOT AND FLANNELS. ELEGANTLY MADE AND TRIMMED. THESE SUITS HAVE BEEN SOLD AT FROM \$15.00 TO \$25.00 PER SUIT, AND WE CAN EARLY AVERAGE THEM AT \$10.50. DURING TOMORROW WE WILL SELL

1 All-Wool Suit, value \$16.50

1 White Dress Shirt, value 1.50

1 Fine Derby Hat, value 2.50

1 Pair Silk Suspenders, val. .75

1 Linen Collar, value .20

1 Silk Scarf, value .75

\$22.20

THE ENTIRE LOT WILL BE SOLD AT

\$6.85

NOTICE—THESE GREAT BARGAINS WILL BE ON EXHIBITION IN OUR LARGE SHOW WINDOWS UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK TO-NIGHT. SALE WILL COMMENCE AT 9 O'CLOCK TO-MORROW MORNING.

ANOTHER COMBINATION

1 Boy's All-Wool Suit, value \$4.00

1 Boy's Polo Cap, value .50

1 Boy's Shirt-Waist, value .40

1 Extra Boy's Pants, value .50

\$5.40

THE ENTIRE LOT WILL BE SOLD AT

\$1.69.

London & Liverpool Clothing Co.,

86 & 88 Bowery, cor. Hester St.

THE GLORY OF MAN

STRENGTH VITALITY

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE

KNOW THYSELF.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY

UNTOLD MISERIES

LEPAGE'S LIQUID GLUE

FOR MEN ONLY!

APPOSITE FOR LOST OR FAILING MANHOOD

CURE OF STRENGTH AND VITALITY

FOR MEN ONLY!